

Someone HiJacked My Ship

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Summary: With the local freckled blacksmith and snow haired governor's son having fates entwined, a new course must be set to face the pirates still scavenging Port Burgess to once again get hold of their cursed treasure. { HiJack (Hiccup Haddock x Jack Frost) Pirates of the Caribbean AU. Chapters are currently a WIP. }

1. Chapter 1

A young boy, brunet, eyelids closed, and his limp physique lying on wooden debris. Wooden debris from the ship horrifically engulfed in flames, the hull quickly taking on seawater. At this point, no screams were heard; it was just the crackling of twisting and crinkling wood. There must've been no other survivors than this boy, for it was the only one he saw.

He'd spotted the boy in the water, seemingly unconscious. He had saved his life. And yet, it never seemed to feel like it. He had been a thief, taking the gold medallion from the fellow like that. Though, what if he was a pirate? Why else would his ship have been burned? Someone obviously wanted the brunet dead, but not he. Hiccup Haddock was his name; fully Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. The governor's son had earned that name as those beautiful, sparkling emerald hues gazed up at him.

Returning the favor as addressing himself as Jack Frost, the boy became lulled back into his sleepy state, though that was perfectly fine to the paler male. That was when, out of the corner of iced over eyes, he spotted that dark ship with torn sails, with that ghostly fog surrounding the sea. His darker eyebrows furrowed the ones that didn't match his hair, before his gaze shifted to the stolen piece of gold in his hands. The picture didn't last long, seeing as everything went black.

All the story truly was were his memories from the event; a mere dream he'd had about the Hiccup boy again. This was in fact many

years later, where his fist rubbed at the dust in his eyes, his fingers reaching to flip up his sheets to get out of bed.

To his drawer he went, shifting through papers and under a block of wood before retrieving the dusty object his dream decided to end on. Wiping away the natural residue, Jack fixed the golden chain around his neck, practically ogling at his reflection. It definitely didn't look bad. Then again, he could've just been acting overly confident.

Having his thoughts interrupted by a knock at his door, his father's large voice filled the room. "Jack?"

Immediately, his son shuffled the room to grab his nightshirt, stuffing the medallion under the cloth so the cool medal was hidden against his chest. He had gotten too warm that night, and he was a bit warm now, but his father had never known of the treasure he'd taken, and he didn't want him to find out now. "Ah- yes, come in!" He called, the hint of a small nervous chuckle edging his voice. Hopefully, it wouldn't be picked up on.

With decency, the large man peeked open the bleach colored door before stepping on through. He chuckled heartily, pink lips smiling through his graying beard. "You still in bed at this hour? It is lovely day!" Waltzing to the window, his father threw open the curtains, leading a small wince to hit Jack from the searing light. "I have present for you." Continuing to grin, his Russian accent was really beginning to peak.

A chest was brought to him, filled to the brim with clothing. Lifting up a few pieces, his gaze inquired to the burly man for the purpose behind this.

"I am hoping you'll wear to Astrid's ceremony, no?" A hand, almost twice as large as his own, patted the side of the box. "Commodore Astrid, she's becoming. She should be very proud; a woman going far into the navy."

With cold eyes rolling, Jack brought the clothing over behind his room divider, shielding his father any potential peeking at the gold. "I knew it." He replied, a small sourness to his tone. All of this just for the promotion? He pulled on the long blue socks, along with the trousers and layers of tops that followed, finishing with his coat and shoes.

Still finishing his wardrobe, a Russian man a bit less massive than the governor stepped into his room with the two of them. The young adult still couldn't manage to understand everyone that lived in this house with some of their accents being much too strong, yet he could imagine it meant his father needed to leave, for that was just what the bearded man did.

Adjusting his collar and sleeves, he eventually followed suit, rushing down their large staircase. His gaze caught sight of the front doors, where his eyes lit up in excitement. "Hiccup!" He was actually here to visit; how ironic that his mind had forced a dream about the brunet for this very day. Needless to say, he was even dressed in similar attire, yet more worn, less expensive, and with a more earthen color scheme.

He hustled down the rest of the stairs, even skipping a few of the wooden drop-offs and almost tripping in the process. Covering it up with laughter, he hurried to the man he'd known for so long.

However, his father was attempting to have a conversation with the blacksmith. That didn't stop the pale haired male to step between the two to start his own conversations. "It's so good to see you! I had a dream about you last night."

"About me?" The statement caused the natured hues to blink a few times, not to mention a light color coming across the bridge of his rounded nose before Jack realized he needed to clarify himself.

"About the day we met. Do you remember?" With a tilt of his jaw, the question presented itself as drastically important.

"Of course, Mr. Frost," he answered a bit proudly, his lips curving up freckled cheeks to show his usual dorky smile.

Rolling blue hues, his head began to shake. "Hiccup, how many times do I have to tell you to call me Jack?"

Becoming a bit sheepish, a small laugh escaped from the brunet as his tone showed a slightly snarky remark. "At least once more, Mr. Frost."

Folding his arms over his chest, he was a bit frustrated with his childhood friend, though he still couldn't help but smile at how cute he was acting.

This was when the father stepped in, forcing his son back by his shoulder. "At least he has decency." The large man spoke to the pale one, where a hidden, "unlike you" was evident. "Time to go." Thick fingers slipping away from his shoulder, the governor made his way through the door.

Yet, Jack forced his own fingers into Hiccup's, giving him a small handshake. "Good day, Mr. Haddock," he mocked, the tips of his cool touch brushing over freckled skin in almost a flirtatious matter. This earned him a shy glance down of green eyes, where he finally released his grip to follow his father.

Watching him go, a bit painfully so, he managed out a, "Good day," in return, his eyes softening to a dreamy glow as the name finally peaked out. "Jack."

2. Chapter 2

The sun was blazing overhead, which only led the women to fan themselves with their embroidery made folding fans that fit right in their man's pocket. Of course, the men wouldn't use such feminine help, forcing the pale man to shut his eyes in an attempt to ignore the heat. Becoming fidgety, the ceremony finally started, or so he assumed by the sound of trumpets and other brass.

Almost whimpering at the loud noise, he peered through half-lidded vision to notice the petite blonde woman march on her path. Small as

she may be, she was the type to send men flying with a single slap. Women usually wouldn't be allowed anywhere near the navy, but with what skill Astrid housed, it would've been a detriment on the whole island if they didn't put her with some power.

The crowd was slowly getting to him, along with the drowned out rules, regulations, and vows that had to be made. He was meant to stay here, yes, especially since the new Commodore was going to have a word with him afterward. Never told what the conversation would hold, he could only assume it to be boring and unimportant.

Slowly but surely, he began creeping his way in reverse through the crowd. They were all occupied with cooling themselves, relieving boredom, or actually being intrigued in the ceremony, so Jack figured he had a shot. His father was one of the few actually interested in the promotion, seeing as he had scheduled it. Double, then triple, checking to make sure the governor wasn't watching, he took those few steps back.

Suddenly, the darker blue eyes darted right around to his position, where they furrowed in a questioning look. Communicating with his eyes, the pale young adult gave his eyebrows a shrug as he looked to the woman next to him, as if he was having a conversation with her.

Though, that wasn't in his interest at all. When the bearded man finally turned his head in reassurance his son wasn't attempting anything troublesome, he did just that. Darting out under the arch that flowed entrance into the town square, he ran as fast as his lanky legs would take him, aiming to quickly get out of view from his father, and in reality, all the other civilians and Royal Guard that may have seen.

Soon enough, his shoes turned from clicking on pavement to patting against the dirtened road. A few shops were open, yet most of the town was watching the promotion, as it was a bandwagon thing to do. Taking turns and shortcuts through cracks in buildings, it took a bit to make it to his destination; however, Jack wanted to make sure he hadn't been followed.

The door to the blacksmith shop creaked open with his push, where he firmly slid the wooden hatch into place to close off any pedestrians viewing his presence here. Sighing with relief, the frost haired male turned his cold gaze to his clothing. The shoulder had been ripped, and his skin held a small scrape; he must've snagged it without noticing, likely during his sly escape and maze through walls. His legs were slightly dusty from the kicked up dirt, which was something his father would slam him about.

The floored stairs gave a creak as he walked upon them, making his way to the main floor, also covered in dirt. Metal shrouded the corners of the room and created pathways; the anvil, a spinny-thing that held swords which he knew no name of, the irons, and the swords themselves. It definitely wasn't his place to be, especially as the governor's son, but he had someone to see whom he hadn't caught an eye of at the ceremony.

"I'm sorry; I've been working on a few ordersâ€¦" The familiar voice began, getting louder as the brunet stepped forward into his main workspace. Dusting away charcoal and ash from his attire, Hiccup

eventually looked up to view his visitor. "Jackâ€¦" A bit of disbelief shrouded his features, especially as tanned fingers attempted to shoo him out of the shop. "You shouldn't be here!"

"I want to be!" He fought, a bit defiantly, his chest standing proud before his shoulders slumped forward. "I wanted to see youâ€¦ but you seem rather busy." Reaching his fingers down to adjust the cuffs on his sleeves, his tongue clicked in disappointment, and he turned right on his heels. "Maybe I'll leave-"

"No!" Bluntly interrupted, Jack turned back, an eyebrow raised in question at such tone. "I meanâ€¦" Now he was stuck, needing to clarify. The pale man certainly wasn't as strict as his father with official greetings and how to be spoken to, but all the same, a tinge of paranoia that he'd upset his savoir hung in the back of his mind. "I mean, I'd like you to stay, but I don't need to be on the governor's bad side."

With that signature chuckle pouring from cold lips, his crystallized hues softened. "Is that why I'm the one who gets your sarcastic remarks?"

In response, Hiccup's eyebrows shrugged as his jade eyes rolled. Jack would take that as a yes.

Slipping off his coat to become more comfortable, Jack hung it up on the hook of the shop, next to where his brunet friend's was already placed. "Anything new you've been working on?" As he asked, his gaze shifted around the area, searching for something he hadn't yet seen.

His eye caught something, to which he briskly headed over; however, the blacksmith quickly darted in front of his path to block him. Arms outstretched, a pout was evident in his lightly stubbled features. Of course, this only raised the shorter male's curiosity. Stretching up on his toes, he clasped his fingers over the shoulders in front of him, his chin reaching high to get a better view. "Please let me see?"

Receiving another eye roll, he decided to release his pale grip. Though, that was only to give a playful yank to the small braid the darker hair held, where those freckled hands reached up in defense, and a small yelp escaped through his lips.

Jack took his open opportunity, dashing directly past the other to inspect the wooden contraption. His fingertips dragged themselves over the nooks and etchings in the mahogany. By this point, his friend, or more so 'victim', recovered to gently pull the higher-class male away from the machine.

"It's not finished yet, and you might hurt yourself. It's going to be a lever though. Sort ofâ€¦" It was an accurate worry; Jack had accidentally broken a few things around the shop before, some of them being unfixable. Attempting to lure the attention of blue eyes away from the invention, Hiccup lightly ruffled his fingers over frosted hair.

Jack merely pursed his lips, almost pouting at the blacksmith's refusal to an enjoyable moment of discovery occur. "I can take care of myself fine, thank you." Yet, at this point, he could feel their

eyes begin to lock. They must have, for he was actually able to gaze right into the eyes he loved so much; the ones that were so different from his own.

Acting off of his instincts and the background emotions in his head, he outstretched his arm to bring an index finger to Hiccup's jaw. Gradually drifting the tip of his finger under the bone, he was aiming to bring the other closer with his touch.

Yes, this made a light pink heat up over freckle dotted cheekbones, though he did comply, tilting his head forward to work in his savior's hands. He seemed to know what Jack wished for, considering his eyelids began to fall.

And so he stretched up on his toes once more, allowing his lids to close in the same. Leaning in a bit more to shut their space, he was hoping to get a single kiss. Hoping.

3. Chapter 3

"Jack!" The Russian man's voice practically shook each and every wall and rafter of the room. Being distracted in the moment, it seemed neither of them noticed the heavy doors open.

Immediately, his son's fingers shoved away the blacksmith before they moved to dust himself off, attempting to prove this as a misunderstanding. They hadn't gotten any interaction, which managed to leave an awkward tension between them that would likely last until next time.

The brunet took his few steps back and lowered his head, along with his gaze, as he tried to shelter himself from the large shoes clashing toward them. Though, he wasn't the one who was the true target.

The bearded man's harsh fingers gripped the small shoulders of his son, utterly forcing him to the door. "What is wrong with you?" Yanking the expensive jacket he'd bought off of the rack, the governor shoved the clothing into Jack's grasp.

He didn't have much to say, for this kind of thing seemed to happen often when he was disinterested in important activities. Stumbling over his feet with the rough push to his back, he slipped the coat on with a bit of difficulty, praying his father wouldn't notice the small tear in the shoulder, or he'd be even rasher.

Being led through the door, the pale man glanced back through his harsh treatment, managing a white smile back at his 'rather close friend' as a goodbye. And for that moment, the brunet caught the cooler gaze, offering his awkward smile in return. This caused his icy hues to practically melt, yet with the door shut tight by his father, their connection was closed.

"Jack! Talk to me!" Having the massive fingers clutched over his shoulders, Jack cringed at the forte of his voice. He was already being led back to the ceremony; not to mention, not much time had passed, which led the boy to figure it was still going on. "You always pull this."

Rolling his eyes, the younger one shuffled on ahead, as he was refusing to meet the stern look his father gave. "I never want to go. It's always too hot, too boring, and everyone just stares at each other as if they're dead."

Like father like son, the larger man rolled his eyes in return. "You must look on bright side. Astrid needs to speak with you."

"How is that a bright side?" His right eye twitched in the light annoyance of that; Astrid definitely was one of his least favorite people. However, with the smile the governor was beginning to work up, he supposed his father thought otherwise.

"Just talk to her."

The rest of the walk back to the square was rather uncomfortably quiet; for most of the journey, Jack attempted to walk to the left of his burly father, so the torn thread of the jacket would be out of view. Somehow, when he returned home, he'd have to fix that.

Approaching the square, father and son took their separate ways. The Russian man probably went off to talk business to the generals or to give friendly greetings to those of his accomplices. The frost haired male actually did go off to visit the new Commadore, knowing he shouldn't upset the old man any further.

Perched against the stone wall of bells, the blonde woman was in her new formal attire as she watched the waves roll by. Astrid got the gold trimmed hat, the new blue jacket, and even the new set of shoes. She was one of the only women in port that was actually able to wear something but a dress. Though, she wasn't exactly lady-like to begin with.

She had heard the light clicking of his shoes, to which her stern gaze shot back, earning him a glare. "You're late."

"I didn't exactly want to come." He smiled, outstretching his arms as he walked closer. Jack wasn't exactly looking for a hug; he spoke with his hands too often.

"This is important," she insisted, slamming her index finger right to his pale nose. "I don't care what kind of crap you'll pull. We have no choice but to talk about it. It doesn't matter if you don't enjoy it. Not anymore."

A bit offended, the higher-up pulled himself back, crossing his arms over his chest as he stepped closer to the wall. Looking out where the sea met the sky, his lips firmed into a purse. "I'm listening."

"You aren't." She practically growled, leading his cyan hues to roll.

"I am."

"Your father may have told you, butâ€¦" With her pause, Jack's attention crossed over to face her. "They want us to get married."

Immediately, his brow furrowed, his eyes locked on hers to dig out the truth. At first, he wasn't even completely sure he'd heard her correctly, but he knew his hearing wasn't that bad. "_Married_? What?"

"You wouldn't _understand_." Placing her hands on her hips, that cocky smirk dragged up her lips. "You don't understand anything government official led. Not that I want to marry someone as dull as you anyway, but for once, you should think about impressing your father instead of being a letdown."

Now, that stung him a bit. He didn't think of himself as a letdown; he just would rather have fun than do the official business his father tried to shove him into. Despite that fact, his gaze became cold once more. Completely and utterly offended she'd even say something like that to him, Jack lightly pushed Astrid away, his signature grin turning down to a frown. "Don't ever say something like that to me again. I wouldn't want to marry a_ tramp_ like you anyway, even for my father."

Becoming violent to those words, the new Commodore shoved him back. However, she was definitely too rough. Stumbling back from the impact, his ankle caught the ledge of the short wall surrounding the square. With a light yelp as his arms outstretched to attempt to catch his balance, he was sent right over the edge. Wide eyed at the fall, he couldn't even hold back his scream as he hurtled for the rocky seabed.

End
file.